

Now is the winter of Discontent  
made glorious sommer by this sonne  
of yorke



*Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus.*

NOW is the winter of discontent,  
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke:  
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,  
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,  
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,  
Our brused armes hung vp for monuments,  
Our sterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,  
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.  
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoochde his wringled front,  
And now in stead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the soules of searesfull aduersaries,  
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,  
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.  
But I that am not sharpe for sportiue trickes,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,  
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues maiestie  
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;  
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,  
And that so lamely and vnashionable,  
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:  
Why I in this weake piping time of peace  
Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Sunne,  
And descant on mine owne deformitie:  
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer  
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,  
I am determind to proue a villaine,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies  
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

